15 Claims Paid—Soldiers' & Sailors' Insurance Grants (See Page 9.)


# JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 463 | SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1915. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]


A 1100749

For meaning of this No. see Page 11. of Cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

*Guaranteed Circulation over One Million Copies Weekly.*

**OUR STUPENDOUS FREE INSURANCE** (See Page 24.) If you desire to avoid the necessity of filling up this weekly coupon you may sign the Newsagent's Order Form on page 26, and forward the duplicate to us and you will be *permanently insured* during such period as this Insurance scheme remains in force

**SPECIAL NOTE.**—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form on page 26, fill in this form and carefully retain it. In the event of a claim it must be forwarded to the Editor of "John Bull" within seven days of the date of the accident.

# GREAT WAR INSURANCE COUPON.

**(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified on page 24.)**

*Name of Insured*..... *Address*.....

*Age next Birthday*.....

## NOMINATION FORM.

**In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—**

*Name*..... *Address*.....

**to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out in "JOHN BULL."**.....

*This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, April 21, and all other parts of the British Isles till 8 a.m. Thursday, April 22.*

# WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

FRANK RILEY, 169, Newcastle Street, Burslem. 330,533 March 20th.
T. BALL, 8, Lord Byron Street, Weaste. 673,246. March 20th.
HARRY SMITH, 9, Fletcher Street, Stonecolough, nr. Manchester. 107,337, March 20th.
JAMES DAVIDSON, 10, Jonville Road, Fazackerley, Liverpool. 449,124. March 20th.
J. MacDONALD, 20, Nithsdale Road, Glasgow. 176,512. March 27th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of April 10th:—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 000106 | 164794 | 350517 | 561229 | 847177 |
| 016426 | 176665 | 362000 | 580145 | 880026 |
| 033031 | 185738 | 388367 | 611641 | 901316 |
| 039831 | 209693 | 414481 | 652864 | 947862 |
| 057527 | 238694 | 422493 | 671848 | 966714 |
| 068011 | 252252 | 425511 | 684662 | 980321 |
| 092931 | 294730 | 462406 | 706874 | A001652 |
| 109161 | 306457 | 491848 | 746598 | A034389 |
| 131198 | 319514 | 510702 | 775157 | A062763 |
| 159718 | 333825 | 546433 | 805674 | A107451 |

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.
The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published April 31st).

## JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. April 17th, 1915.

*N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.*

**FIRST READ THIS.**

If you predict the "Home" Team will win, put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win, put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column.

# John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

**Matches to be played Saturday, April 24.**

| HOME. | AWAY. | DRAW. | HOME TEAM. | | AWAY TEAM. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | Bradford | v. | Manchester City |
| | | | Oldham A. | v. | Liverpool |
| | | | Notts County | v. | Newcastle United |
| | | | Sheffield W. | v. | Burnley |
| | | | W. Bromwich A. | v. | Bradford City |
| | | | Stockport C. | v. | Wolverhampton W. |
| | | | Leeds City | v. | Barnsley |
| | | | Arsenal | v. | Notts Forest |
| | | | Derby County | v. | Preston N.E. |
| | | | Lincoln City | v. | Bury |
| | | | Birmingham | v. | Bristol City |
| | | | Grimsby T. | v. | Huddersfield T. |
| | | | Portsmouth | v. | Croydon C. |
| | | | Queen's Park R. | v. | Crystal Palace |
| | | | Millwall A. | v. | Southend U. |
| | | | Bristol Rovers | v. | Swindon |
| | | | Reading | v. | Luton T. |
| | | | Southampton | v. | Exeter City |
| | | | Northampton | v. | Cardiff City |
| | | | Watford | v. | Brighton & Hove |

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

.....

21 *Address* .....

.....

**Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.**

# Read Rules Carefully.

## NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

1. We have adopted the following rules for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, Football Contest No. 21, and send to reach us not later than Friday, April 23rd.

3. The sum of £1,500 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the "Sporting Life," of all the matches given played to a finish on April 24th. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £250 will be paid to the sender of a coupon with one error only. In the unlikely event of neither the £1,500 nor the £250 being won, £100 will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts, whatever the number.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie in this Competition, the £1,500, the £250, or the £100 will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

8. Scottish readers may enter.

**CONTEST CLOSES FRIDAY, APRIL 23rd.**

## DUPLICATE COUPON.

**The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.**

| H | A | D | TEAMS. | H | A | D | TEAMS. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | Bradford v. Manchester City | | | | Birmingham v. Bristol City |
| | | | Oldham A. v. Liverpool | | | | Grimsby T. v. Huddersfield T. |
| | | | Notts County v. Newcastle U. | | | | Portsmouth v. Croydon C. |
| | | | Sheffield W. v. Burnley | | | | Queen's Park R. v. Crystal P. |
| | | | W. Bromwich A. v. Bradford City | | | | Millwall A. v. Southend U. |
| | | | Stockport C. v. Wolverhampton W. | | | | Bristol R. v. Swindon |
| | | | Leeds City v. Barnsley | | | | Reading v. Luton T. |
| | | | Arsenal v. Notts Forest | | | | Southampton v. Exeter City |
| | | | Derby County v. Preston N.E. | | | | Northampton v. Cardiff City |
| | | | Lincoln City v. Bury | | | | Watford v. Brighton & Hove |

# JOHN BULL.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:*
*Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XVIII. No. 463. Week ending Saturday, April 17th, 1915. One Penny.



The Ideal Woman's Paper at Last!

**EVERYWOMAN'S WEEKLY**

**Out Tuesdays. Take It Home To-day. 1d.**

Full of Good Things for Everyone at Home.


## £10 REWARD.

***WANTED, the Copy of "JOHN BULL" for April 10th, 1915, bearing on its Cover the Number 597,650.***

*Any person possessing this copy should apply to*
***THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.***

## THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

*[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]*

**The Clyde Workers.**

At the time of going to press, we are taking advantage of our visit to Glasgow to have a chat with the Clyde workers, and have, with the approval of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the First Lord of the Admiralty, convened a mass meeting of them for the purpose of a straight talk on the situation. We hope next week to be in a position to announce a satisfactory outcome of the conference.

**To the Albert Hall Again.**

On Saturday there is to be a great "Sports Display" for the benefit of the British Red Cross Society, and we are to be there, having, at the invitation of the Committee, promised to attend and say the inevitable "few words." Fifteen meetings last week, and several this—we *ought* to be getting tired. But we are not.

**Peace Prospects.**

Here is an extract from a letter just received from a very high official of the Swiss Government: "In Berne we are expecting peace negotiations to begin in the late spring or early summer, and a most optimistic feeling is prevalent as regards the early termination of the war." We have reason also to believe that American contractors are not arranging for any further deliveries of war munitions after the end of May. Lookers-on see most of the game.

**Not this Time.**

Apropos of the article appearing elsewhere on Britain's terms of settlement, we recall the words of Napoleon after Waterloo. "I understand everything," said he, "except one about the English—and that is why they have not taken something for all the trouble and expense they have been put to in fighting me." We are older and wiser now.

**A Sinister Sentence.**

Speaking at Norwich the other day in connection with the so-called "conference" of the so-called "Independent Labour Party," Mr. Keir Hardie used the following phrase: "If those engaged in the manufacture of war material had refused to work *before the war*, the war would never have taken place." That, of course, is Keir Hardie's cowardly way of encouraging the men to strike. We note, however, with satisfaction, that a Methodist schoolroom was large enough to accommodate the "conference" this year, and our only regret is that so many newspapers should have treated the thing seriously.

**Sir Edward's Lapse.**

Whatever induced Sir Edward Clarke to indulge in that cruel attack upon the memory of Mr. Justice Hawkins? Of two of the cases in which the late Judge is alleged to have "exhibited his worst characteristics" we have no personal knowledge, but of the other—namely, the Hansard Union Trial of 1893—we can speak with authority; and the strange part of the thing is that in that case the Judge decided everything in favour of Sir Edward's own client, actually directing his acquittal, and ultimately characterising the action of the Treasury in regard to the whole of the proceedings in language almost identical with that contained in a letter written on their collapse by Sir Edward to ourselves. We are afraid that advancing years are having an effect upon the mental vision of the once great advocate.

**A "Free Pardon."**

When is this absurd anomaly of our constitution to be abolished? Again we have the case of an innocent person—twice wrongfully convicted and imprisoned—receiving a free *pardon* at the hands of the King. That is to say, the unhappy woman is pardoned for something which she has never done! Cannot the Attorney-General find time to introduce a little one-clause Bill, authorising the Home Secretary in all cases of wrongful conviction to apply to the Court for a formal reversal of the verdict, in order that the record standing against an innocent person's name may be expunged? And it might well be left to the Court at the time of such application to award suitable compensation from the Treasury. Now, Sir John, what say you?


**Another Monster "Bullets" Offer! First Prize, £500; Second Prize, £100.**

**Mrs. Pankhurst Protests.**

A band of hysterical Englishwomen are arranging to meet a party of Gerwomen at an "international congress" at the Hague on April 28th, 29th and 30th, to discuss peace. Two Mrs. Cadburys are amongst the number, which includes also Mrs. Arthur Schuster, Mrs. Philip Snowden, Lady Henry Somerset, Mrs. Charles Trevelyan, Mrs. Zangwill, and—Miss Sylvia Pankhurst! If the husbands of those of the ladies named who are not widows or spinsters cannot restrain, nor care to discourage, their wives in this mad and unpatriotic expedition, so much the worse for them. The country will form its own opinion of their submission to petticoat government. The one bright feature of the absurd design is Mrs. Pankhurst's emphatic disapproval of her daughter Sylvia's association with it. "It is unthinkable," she said, recently, "that Englishwomen should meet German women to discuss terms of peace while the husbands, sons, and brothers of those women are the men who are murdering our men on the seas and who have committed the awful horrors of the war in Belgium and elsewhere. *One of my daughters is unfortunately among them.* . . . The place for pacifist advocates is in Germany; in my opinion they should try to convert the Kaiser." Many things have occurred of late to lead us to revise our opinion of Mrs. Pankhurst, but none more so than her emphatic repudiation of this unpatriotic manœuvre. Let it not be overlooked that one of its organisers is Mrs. Charles Trevelyan, whose husband is one of the most active members of the League of Democratic Control—a pro-German body whose aim and purpose is to deny the fruits of victory to the Allies. If Sylvia is a good girl, she will do as her mother bids her—drop it.

**A Word with Mr. Hobhouse.**

In every department of administration "the King's Government must be carried on," but this paramount rule can scarcely be held to justify a general embargo upon the enlistment of civil servants. It seems, however, that only with the greatest difficulty can non-military employees of the State obtain leave to take up arms. At Reading a number of skilled telegraphists are anxious to join the Royal Engineers, but up till now their martial ardour has been severely frowned upon by the Post Office authorities. Specific appeals from officers of the Engineers elicit the vague reply that the men "cannot be spared," although we are assured upon excellent authority that the office in question is plentifully staffed and very little overtime has yet been worked. "The Government," says one of the would-be recruits, "will neither allow us to enlist nor will they supply us with badges to show that we are forbidden to do so." What says the P.M.G.?

**A Plaguy Priest.**

When Canon Peter Green, of Manchester, declares that "the real causes of the war were hatred," lack of understanding, pride, arrogance, and desire for power—all the evil lusts of the heart of man," he is not thinking, it seems, of the Huns in Belgium or of the Butcher of Potsdam, but of his loyal fellow-citizens whom it is his irreverent pleasure to insult and malign. Like a few other addle-pated clerics, Canon Green believes, or says he does, that this war is a "judgment of God" upon sinful humanity, and, surveying the state of Britain in the last ten years, he finds his compatriots "God-forgetting, eager for pleasure, careless of duty, drunken, given to gambling, and immoral." There is a sense in which it is true that "God is calling the nations," but the blasphemous drivel of a foolish priest will not readily be mistaken for the echo of His voice.

**Business is Business.**

It needed some such a crisis as this war to bring home to Ministers and the nation that the government of men is, after all, a business—to be conducted in a business-like way. Long have we been hammering at that theme. Years ago, the Liberal Government and the Tory opposition might have started the country on business lines, but preferred to hang on in the old way. Now every day of the war makes it clearer how much the country has lost by not having a Business Government. If, for instance, a Business Government had been in power, they would not have waited eight months before they appointed "a Committee to take the necessary steps to provide such additional labour as may be required to secure that the supply of munitions of war shall be sufficient to meet all requirements." They would have thought of that as part of the war machine, and they would have got the Committee to sit immediately on the outbreak of hostilities. To work men in front of furnaces almost all hours which God sends, and then to demand that they shall be deprived of a drink because some of them, parched and exhausted, get a drink too much and become slack, would be legislative foolery of a disastrous kind. There are still abundant forces of labour which can be profitably turned into the engineering trades if they are properly organised. Lord Kitchener is doing at last what the Government as a whole should have done at first.

**Germhun Beer Sold Here.**

If the *Daily Mail* is to be credited on what might be called its solemn affidavit, there is an aspect of the drink question in the North which Mr. Lloyd George and the prohibitionists have missed. It is that the workmen are plied with drink by Germhun agents, disguised as Labour agitators, with the object of hampering the performance of war contracts. The *Mail* assures us that the Intelligence Department of the Admiralty have conclusive proof that there is an extensive Germhun conspiracy in this country towards that end. Thus arises the question, what is Mr. Winston Churchill going to do with those Labour agitators pending the Kaiser's opportunity of conferring upon them an Iron Cross? Any of them going to be shot, for instance?

**Manufactured Epistolarians.**

Though the *Daily News* and some of the other newspapers have not failed to tell us, as with one voice, how many people favouring prohibition have written to Mr. Lloyd George, they do not tell us that a large majority of the letters are the harvest of the widely extended advertisement of the Prohibitionists, who have been inviting newspaper readers to bombard Ministers with a tear-off coupon. Yet we are told that "the drink problem has not been pushed to the front by the Temperance Party." It certainly has been. The pumpuritans have been working the pump handle ever since the Temporary Restrictions Act came into being.

**"Amen" to This.**

One of our readers has quite definite ideas about one clause in the coming Treaty of Berlin: "All Germhuns, from the Kaiser downwards, who are proved to have been in league with the Devil in breaking the rules of civilised warfare, shall be tried for their alleged crimes by an International Court of Retribution, constituted at The Hague, and those found guilty shall be hanged by the neck until they are dead or suffer other suitable punishment." With our hand on our heart we can say "Amen" to this. Accordingly, we shall be delighted to suggest the names of a few to be rewarded with the rope, the rifle, or the chopper.

**Now for our Football £1,500 Prize. Final Coupon this week.**

**£700 a Day.**

Here is the statement of an officer of the mercantile marine—as much of it as seems relevant, that is. He is serving on a certain steamer, outward bound from somewhere to somewhere, to bring home units of troops under Admiralty Charter at £500 a day and all bunker coal while steaming—say, £200 a day extra. Now listen. "We go to sea and face mines, torpedoes, and all else with not a penny extra pay, being afraid to ask for it as there would at once be an outcry that the Merchant Service is unpatriotic; while we know that owners, merchants, underwriters, etc., are making tremendous profits. *They* are not called unpatriotic for bleeding the nation at such a critical time, though we take all risks, feed both Navy and Army, and have to pay more for maintaining our families, who are in constant dread that we shall be mined or torpedoed." We cannot guarantee his figures in the actual case this mercantile marine officer brings to our notice, but it is a fact that shipowners are making enormous profits and that the officers who guide their ships across sea in this time of war are inadequately paid for their risks.

**A Police Absurdity.**

Charged at the Redcar Police Court with "allowing a child under the age of 14 to be in the bar of a public-house," Thomas Robinson, a Saltburn barman, acknowledged and confessed his fault, although for purposes of explanation he entered a formal plea of "not guilty." It seems that the child, his own, aged seven months, was carried into the bar by its mother, who just before closing time was lending her husband a helping hand. While the baby was enjoying the attentions of a fatherly soldier a couple of policemen entered the house, and Robinson was informed that "the case would be reported." Nothing was previously known against the defendant, however, and the police were unable to convince the Magistrates that the offence now alleged was worthy of judicial correction. After a good deal of shuffling on the part of the prosecution, the absurd charge was dismissed. Meanwhile, we trust that Robinson, junior, is none the worse for his adventure.

**Getting On.**

According to the *North Eastern Daily Gazette*, one of the matters dealt with at the recent meeting of the Cleveland Miners' and Quarrymen's Association, held at Middlesbrough, was the selection of principal speaker at the forthcoming annual demonstration, the following names being submitted by the Lodges:—Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Herbert Samuel, and this batch of M.P.s: Mr. Arthur Henderson, Mr. G. Roberts, Mr. Stephen Walsh, Mr. Will Thorne, Mr. J. R. Clynes, Mr. T. Richardson, Mr. Joseph Devlin, Mr. Philip Snowden, and Mr. W. Brace—the only other nomination being that of ourselves. And we blush to say that we came out head of the poll. By the way, we recently received a similar honour at the hands of the Durham Miners' Federation in connection with *their* annual demonstration.

**Charity and Churches.**

Recently the clerical Pedagogue of Eton reminded us that "We are so hazy-minded in principles that we talk of one and choose another without knowing what we are doing." As an example to the contrary, the parson of the Royal Naval Ports Church talks of one and chooses another well knowing what he is doing. "These men have given their lives," runs a sentence in the advertisement of the Royal Naval Ports Church Building Fund in *The Times*, "and England has had food. Common gratitude demands that the country shall provide churches for their widows and children." The widows and children, think of bread, and the parson wants to give them stones.

**Respectability!**

At the Wolverhampton County Court a debtor explained that he had relinquished the profession of a bookmaker for the sake of his children, as he "wanted them to be respectable." This unkind reflection upon the equine fraternity was warmly resented by his Honour Judge Howard Smith, in whose opinion "some of the most honourable men in this country are bookmakers." Meanwhile, the debtor's standards of "respectability" seem to have been of a somewhat arbitrary kind. Upon quitting the Turf he had embarked upon a pill-selling enterprise, and had latterly exploited a coal-saving "patent," which, in the opinion of the learned Judge, was not worth the price of a quart of beer. He admitted that, while advertising a "great stock of goods," and claiming to possess "agents all over the United Kingdom," the actual value of the stock was less than £5. All things considered, the debtor's solicitude for the fair fame of his offspring may not have been untimely. Such ideas of "respectability" find little favour in the purlieus of Tattersall's.

**Burns on the Boches.**

Scotsmen have cause to be proud of Rabbie Burns; he knew something. One hundred and twenty years ago—there or thereabouts—Burns wrote his ideas of the Germans to the Rev. Dr. McGill, of Ayr. "Ignorance, superstition, bigotry, stupidity, malevolence, self-conceit, envy," said he, "all are strongly bound in a massive frame of brazen impudence. Good God, to such a shield, humour is the peck of a sparrow, and satire the popgun of a schoolboy. Creation disgracing scelerats, God only can mend and the Devil only can punish. . . Oh, for a poisonous tornado, winged from the torrid zone of Tartarus, to sweep the spreading crop of their villainous contrivance to the lowest hell." There was about Rabbie on occasions a simple piety and a tenderness of accent which all must admire.

**What a Lady!**

A few days ago two friends, enlisted in the 10th Liverpool Scottish, were seated at tea in a Dover shop, having arrived from Sandwich on leave. While they were there, a smartly-attired lady and gentleman—or perhaps we had better say a female and a man, to avoid the risk of exaggeration—entered, and when the female caught sight of the Scots boys she shouted in a loud voice, "One cannot go anywhere in these days but what one meets a beastly common lot of soldiers." This female ought to have been in Malines or Termonde when the Germans first got there. There can hardly be any soldiers more beastly common than herself.

**Invalided N.C.O.s.**

Complaints reach us from non-commissioned officers invalided home from the Front that—being most useful as drill instructors—they are drafted to new battalions and regiments, as supernumerary to the strength, and are consequently denied all further chance of promotion. One corporal, wounded at Ypres, and who has five years' splendid service to his credit, now has in authority over him a sergeant in Kitchener's Army of six months' military experience. Perhaps Lord Kitchener will consider the suggestion of a special corps of drill instructors, consisting of veteran N.C.O.s, struck off the strength of their old regiments and entitled to all rights of promotion.

**The I. L. P.**

Judging by the Easter (and other) proceedings of the Independent Labour Party so-called, the real meaning of I.L.P. is "I love Prussia."

**Look out for New Sporting Competition next week.**

**Easter Offerings for the Vicar.**

Regularly at this season we receive a very large number of protests from people objecting to the recognised custom of giving Easter collections to the vicar for his personal use. This year the protests have received a considerable addition. As we have pointed out previously, the matter is entirely one for the congregation, and there are many vicars not only poor enough but devoted enough to deserve the contributions. Some vicars we wot of depend wholly upon the Easter offerings to sole and heel their boots, or buy a new frock for the missus, or put a necessary patch on the southern aspect of little Willie's trousers. Some congregations appear to think that all the vicar requires is a present of trouser buttons—which is a defect of imagination and a perversion of Christian charity. That being our general view, we will not differentiate even in cases where, as we are informed, Easter Sunday was selected as a parade service of troops, who were exhorted by their chaplain to "give as freely as possible." After all, even Tommy Atkins does not grudge a penny for a church service which is worth the money. Some church services are worth more, and where he thinks they are worth less he is at liberty to pass along the plate *sans peur et sans reproche.*

**Deck-swabbing for Lookout.**

Thus the late *chef* of the *Falaba,* who writes to us from no matter where: "I think a word of advice from you to the Liverpool shipowners would do some good. It is the custom in mail steamers making the Channel to have all deck hands swabbing paintwork and holystoning, instead of keeping a lookout for German submarines. I know of a steamer which arrived here last week that, if there had been a gun-crew handy, might have sunk a sub. forty miles south of the Smalls." Certainly we know very little of such matters, but we should have thought that the paint-swabbing and holystoning could be postponed till the vessel was safely home. Every British captain is vain of his ship, however, and it may be that he likes her to look extra pretty in case a German submarine desires an introduction before she gets there.

**Robert Ruminated.**

Windsor Castle is safe—no unauthorised vehicle or pedestrian being allowed to enter an imaginary circle with a radius of three miles from the centre of the town between sunset and sunrise. But this regulation led to complications with a bobby in uniform the other night. Having finished his six hours' duty, he was quietly making his way home when he was stopped by the picket and told that if he crossed the forbidden line he would be shot; whereupon he asked to be sent home under escort. He was, however, arrested, sent to the guard-room, and kept a prisoner until 8 o'clock the next morning! It will probably be bad for any convivial Tommy who comes Robert's way in future.

**The Young Idea.**

How the Business Government movement is making headway in our colleges, schools and debating societies! Someone has sent us the Devonport High School Magazine for April, containing an account of a parliamentary "election," in which there were six candidates—one Liberal, two Conservatives, one Socialist, one Suffragist, and one Business Government. And here is the result of the voting: Business Government candidate, 44 votes; Liberal, 10; Conservatives, 11; Socialist, 7; and Suffragist, 1. Our hearty congratulations to Mr. Hitchcock, M.P., the successful candidate.

**The Sub-postmaster Again.**

We have always contended that the Sub-postmaster—the man who sets aside part of his shop for Post Office business, that is—is unconscionably treated. More and more work seems to be shoved on him every year, yet he has to be in a big way indeed if he gets much more remuneration than a crossing sweeper. "Note," says one of the sorely-striken tribe in a letter to us, "how the Department has had us over the new work of paying war separation allowances. I have so far received the sum of 15s. 5d. The salary, so-called, is not enough for the rental of the space taken up in a trader's shop, let alone pay for time, work, skill, and assistants' wages; nor are we permitted to collect rents, debts, etc., except by special dispensation from some over-paid official." Of course, the Postmaster-General's way of looking at it is that if the provision merchant had no post-office he would not sell any goods—that, in fact, people come for a penny stamp and stay to buy a quarter of cheese. He is confirmed in this idea by the competition of shopkeepers for Sub-postmasterships. But experience teaches; and the majority of those selected for official favour soon realise that there is precious little meat on the bone.

**Coal Prices.**

Apropos of our recent Open Letter to Sir Arthur Markham in reference to the offer of the Brodsworth and three other collieries to supply coal at a reduced rate, our late hon. friend tells us that "so soon as the resolution was passed, certain coal merchants, in order to justify the prices they were charging the public, endeavoured to throw as much mud as they could, and to ridicule the offer. A clique of London merchants on one day sent orders to the collieries for millions of tons for immediate delivery. One man, with whom we had never dealt before, alone sent an order for half a million tons." And then we are assured that the companies in question "have, in point of fact, during the past five weeks, sold about 180,000 tons of large coal to the Government, railway companies and merchants at 7s. to 8s. per ton below the highest prices paid to other colliery companies during the past month for the same class of coal." The resolution, therefore, is that the best thanks of the community be accorded to Sir Arthur.

**The Cunliffe-Owens.**

Up to the present, we have received no reply from either Mr. or Mrs. Cunliffe-Owen to the very serious allegations we made against them in our issue of March 20th. Nor have we heard anything further from their solicitors, Messrs. Carter and Bell. We have, however, accumulated a vast amount of additional information respecting the antecedents of these people, which we shall certainly have to make public unless they cease posing as the philanthropic sponsors of the Sportsman's Battalions.

**The Kits and the "Bits."**

We are told that survivors of the *Aboukir, Hogue* and *Cressy,* torpedoed in September, have not yet been compensated for their lost kits, despite frequent applications. Doubtless the authorities think their demand to know when they are going to get the cash rather thoughtless. They may lose their lives before the termination of hostilities—in which case the kit money would come, intact, to their relatives!

**Pity the Poor Prisoners.**

Hundreds of pathetic postcards have recently reached us from prisoners of war in Germany—all asking for food; and as these letters have passed the German Censors, it is quite plain that the Huns do not wish to hide the fact that their victims are not getting enough to eat. It is against British instincts to retaliate upon German prisoners!

**"Everywoman's Weekly"—a Grand Number this week. Buy it now.**

## BARKS AND BITES.

BY OUR BULL-DOG.

*(1 page of caustic notes from the pen of a well-known writer.)*

### *Sir Francis Trippel.*

The attempt of an ex-officer in the Kaiser's army to take charge of the recruiting arrangements for our King's Army deserves a little more limelight. Sir Francis Trippel is known to the public solely by his connection with the raising of funds for the Union Jack Club, Olympic Games, London Cabmen, Dr. Mawson's Antarctic Exploration, King Edward VII. Memorial and various "movements" alleged to be national, educational and philanthropic. His recreation is stated to be "change of occupation." Having changed his occupation by shifting from the Kaiser's Army to King George's Army, the time is ripe for yet another "change of occupation."

Having made enquiry among men of means who are wont to subscribe generously to national and patriotic funds, I am informed that Sir Francis Trippel has not engaged in philanthropy altogether for considerations of health. The Army Council are probably by no means pleased with Lord Haldane for the subcutaneous injection of Sir Francis Trippel's ichor into the veins and arteries of the War Office.

### *The German Hand.*

The German campaign in England goes on cheerily. The drink trouble on the Clyde has been vigorously fomented by Hun agents, but the organisation of defeat by plying Scotchmen with strong drink is not without precedent. When the first Lord Breadalbane succeeded to his estates in Caithness, and desired to subjugate the people, he caused a ship laden with whisky to be stranded on the coast. The bait was taken, and by the time that he knew that the people would be helplessly drunk, and unable to offer any resistance, he landed, and speedily made those vessels of inebriety his vassals. The historian who chronicled Lord Breadalbane's strategem wrote with prescience. He said: "This was certainly a method of preventing useless slaughter, that might find favour with rival combatants even at the present day." The Germans have adopted Lord Breadalbane's plan. So we must drink ginger-pop.

### *Officers' and M.P.s' Pay.*

The House of Commons is succeeding in its dearest wish—to get itself despised. Having voted itself salaries, having exempted itself from a portion of the Income Tax, it pays itself monthly with the regularity of a ship's chronometer which has passed Greenwich tests. On our sick and wounded officers' pay, however, it rigidly economises. Invalided officers, with the expense of illness and with families to support, are left unpaid. They seldom vote for the Party in power. Nor are the officers of the Army alone in their grievance. When H.M.S. *Bulwark* was sunk by the Huns, the widows of the seamen and marines on board were awarded full-scale war pensions because their husbands were reckoned as having died in action. Officers' widows, on the other hand, are getting pensions only on the scale that they would have received had their husbands been drowned in time of peace. For the seamen and marines the Government considers that the *Bulwark* was "sunk in action," for the officers of the *Bulwark* the disaster was "an accident." It is scarcely just that the Separation Allowance of some private soldiers should exceed the amount of the pension alloted to the widow of a captain of Marines who went down in the *Bulwark*. A captain of Marines is a very finished article Like gunlayers or Commanders R.N., he cannot be improvised. Sixty-five pounds a year is barely a living wage for a Captain's widow. The bereaved woman, however, has no vote, no influence. Sir Tite Barnacle and his satellites are not interested in her.

### *"Prince Eitel Friedrich" Interned.*

Our hyphenated American friends could not have it both ways. When the *Alabama* escaped in the night, Britain paid the American Government £3,229,166 13s. 4d., and of that sum a million and a half sterling still lingers in the Treasury of the United States because there were no *bona-fide* applicants for the money. The *Prince Eitel Friedrich* had been refitted, rested, coaled, provisioned, cleaned and overhauled during her four weeks illegal sojourn in a hospitable American port. She was never fitter for war. The international law of hospitality to belligerents is clear. No belligerent warship may increase or replenish her supplies of war material, or her seaworthy efficiency, or add in any way to her fighting force. The Americans are making enormous profits out of Great Britain—the milch cow of the Empire, of Europe, of Asia and of South Africa. The mysterious sympathy in the Cabinet that enables Germany to import raw cotton for manufacturing explosives is at work to appease and placate the three million German-American voters who may give to President Wilson a second term of office. When our Business Government materialises, the German-American vote in the United States will never again dictate the policy of facilitating the manufacture of German high explosives for use against the British Navy and Army.

### *Why not Fines for Murder?*

German-Americans, German Jews, German Lutherans, German agnostics swarm in the British Empire. I am glad to observe that Mr. Harcourt has taken steps on the West Coast of Africa to sequestrate the property of certain German firms. What is to prevent the general adoption of this plan throughout the British Empire? A German submarine sank the *Olivine* last Sunday week, a ship of three hundred and fifty-six tons. Also the *City of Bremen* of seven hundred and eighty tons. The latter was torpedoed without warning, four of her crew being drowned. What is it that prevents the sequestration and confiscation of German property on British soil to the value of, say, £1,000,000? British property in Germany is probably not one-fiftieth of the value of German property in the British Empire. Colonial statesmen and the majority of the Labour and Trades Union voters do not approve of the policy of soothing ourselves with the sound of eloquent speeches that "cut no ice." Who is "the nigger on the fence"? Is it Parliament? Is it the contributions of rich German Jews to Party funds? When the disease is diagnosed a major operation will follow quickly. Cancer needs the knife; treachery the hangman's rope.

I wish to ask a few questions:—

Why has the War Office requested all Lords-Lieutenants of counties to raise a battalion 1,350 strong without stating the purpose for which the battalion is required?

Is the reason for postponing the adoption of compulsory service due to the inability of the War Office to equip the men already raised?

Is the Government aware that a number of Englishmen have banded themselves together for the purpose of discovering the reasons why the molestation and exposure of spies is frowned on by the Home office and the Colonial Office?

Why is the approach to Berlin not made through Vienna?

Why were such optimistic accounts of the result of the first Dardanelles operations foisted upon the British public when the Germans knew the facts?

# GERMANY'S TERMS—AND OURS.

## WHAT THE KAISER WENT TO WAR FOR——AND WHAT HE WILL GET!

Adhering to our view that a few months will see the end of active hostilities, it may be useful at this juncture to set out the objectives which the Kaiser had in view when entering upon the war—gleaned from authoritative writings and speeches of his statesmen; and at the same time to indicate the alternative policy of Britain when the time for peace arrives.

There can be no longer any doubt that the conquest of Britain was the ultimate goal, and that everything in the way of diplomatic overtures for the purpose of securing our neutrality was mere bluff, with the object of gaining time whilst Russia and France were crushed, Switzerland and Holland annexed, and the Channel coast line secured with a view to the invasion of our shores. That is the first point always to be remembered. Apart, however, from envy of our position as the greatest sea power and colonising empire in the world, Germany was forced by her own internal circumstances to seek extension of her borders for the outlet of her ever-growing population, and also to capture fresh markets for the purposes of her expanding trade. She was at the same time desirous of automatically adding to her population several millions of men eligible for military service, with a view to facilitating her ultimate attack upon us.

It is also now clear that two years was the official German estimate of the duration of the war. By the end of that period, Paris, St. Petersburg, and Warsaw would be occupied and there would have been a successful landing upon British soil. The last item was regarded as a *sine qua non* of victory, and it was for the purpose of accomplishing this feat that two years was allowed—it being estimated that after Russia and France were done with, at least twelve months would be required to perfect arrangements for the destruction of British sea-power and a successful invasion of our country.

### Why the End is Near.

By bearing in mind this last German calculation, the public will better appreciate our reasons for predicting an early peace. The moment the idea of a concentrated naval and air attack upon Britain, with the Belgian and French coast line as its base, is abandoned—in other words, the moment the German army is driven over the Rhine—at least a year automatically comes off the Kaiser's time-table. That is why in German naval and military circles opinion is now unanimous that the war will either be over in the summer, or that it will then enter upon a new phase and will last for another eighteen months or two years. And we hope we betray no official secret when we say this is undoubtedly also the view of General French and General Joffre. But there is much virtue in that word "either"—the fact being that Germany was so misled at the outset that the whole of her calculations have been upset.

First, there was the resistance of Belgium, which gained the Allies many precious days; then there was the despatch of the British Expeditionary Force, followed up by a trained army of a million strong (with more to follow); then, instead of civil war in Ireland and industrial war in England, the Kingdom became truly united and presented a solid front to the enemy—whilst to crown all, the insidious attempts to foster rebellion in our dependencies entirely fizzled out, and the sons of every part of our Empire rallied to the flag. And to fill the cup of the Kaiser's disillusionment, the British Fleet (thanks to the foresight of Mr. Churchill, who is one of the few Ministers who knew what was happening) was fully mobilised, with the result that the German navy might just as well not have existed, and had to take immediate refuge in Kiel Harbour, and to rely upon the fugitive exploits of a few submarines for the destruction of our naval power! Thus has it come about that the Kaiser's dream is shattered, and that all the elaborate Conditions of Peace, the consideration of which had afforded him such joy prior to the war, have now in all truth become mere "scraps of paper."

### The Kaiser's Conditions.

It may be as well, however, to enlighten the public mind as to the terms to which we should have been compelled to agree had the war worked out according to the German programme.

First, the whole of Belgium and the French coast as far as Boulogne was to be permanently annexed and to be made the base for the despatch of an aeroplane fleet across the Channel.

Britain was to consent to the construction of a Channel tunnel, with four lines of rail and a road for motor traffic.

France was to give up all her territory as far as the line Boulogne—Rheims—Belfort, including the surrender of those towns; and Rheims was to become a centre for another large concentration of aircraft, capable at any moment of attacking Paris—the estimate being that in five years' time Germany would possess a fleet of 100,000 aeroplanes!

Russia, of course, was to be entirely dismembered.

Sweden was to be given Finland.

Germany would take the Baltic provinces.

Austria would take the southern territory, including Odessa.

Turkey was to have the whole of the Caucasus, including the government of Saratov, and also Egypt—the Suez Canal shares being forfeited.

India was to be taken out of British control and given a system of self-government.

Ireland was to be made an independent State, with German guarantees!

The conquered provinces, whilst compelled to contribute soldiers to the German army, would have no voice in the affairs of State, nor any representatives in the Reichstag.

And then, of course, there was to be a colossal

indemnity, which was placed provisionally at £6,000,000,000, of which Britain was to pay £3,750,000,000; France £1,250,000,000; Russia £750,000,000; and Belgium, in addition to being annexed, £250,000,000.

And, finally, pending the payment of these sums, a German force would remain in occupation of the conquered countries.

It all sounds very funny, doesn't it? but that the above terms were prepared and settled in sober earnestness by the Kaiser and his advisers may be taken as beyond dispute.

### Britain's Terms.

And now let us consider what will be *our* Terms of Peace.

Apart from the complete restoration of Belgium and compensation to her for both material and moral damage, and the return to France of her lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, Russia must have the whole of Poland, Galicia and Bukovina, and probably up to the watershed of the Carpathians.

Germany will have to be shut out from all approach to the North Sea, which involves giving Friesland, together with the Islands, to Holland.

Denmark will naturally reabsorb Schleswig; probably not Holstein, in deference to the principle of nationality.

The question of the Kiel Canal presents certain difficulties, seeing that it would afford Germany access to the North Sea. Some opinion in Britain is in favour of the Canal being utterly destroyed, but our own plan is to internationalise it and place it in the trusteeship of the King of the Belgians for the benefit of Europe. Then the German fleet must be reduced to a minimum, *without submarines.*

The question of what is to be done with Hamburg will be a matter of negotiations amongst the Allies.

Britain will ask for no extension of territory in Europe, but will renew her sovereignty over Heligoland, which in existing circumstances involves the occupation of Borkum.

Servia will take Bosnia, and perhaps parts of Herzegovina; and if they strike in time Roumania will occupy Transylvania, and Italy will take the Trentino, Trieste, and the Tyrol.

As regards the future of European Turkey, it is probable that Bulgaria will take Adrianople, and Greece the larger portion of Macedonia.

The Allies also will have to demand war indemnities, but not on the policy of "bleeding to the white." Still, Germany will have to pay for the mischief she has done. She must bear the cost to which she has put her neighbours and ourselves. She cannot repay our loss in blood and suffering; she cannot rebuild the world's treasures which she has destroyed in Belgium and France, but both from her Treasury and her artistic collections she can be made to do something.

It will take a thousand millions to restore the damage she has done in Belgium.

France will probably require at least an equal sum.

Britain will demand as much as is reasonable of the cost of the war to her.

Russia, with its enormous accession of territory, will look to Austria-Hungary and Turkey for her indemnity, while Britain will probably make some claim on Turkey also.

As to the manner in which Germany will be able to meet her liabilities: assuming that she pays 200 millions in gold and, say, another 100 millions in artistic and other collections, there will remain something between two and three thousand millions of national debt. This will have to be a paper debt at 5 per cent. secured upon her Customs and her municipal revenues, to be collected by a standing army of occupation.

Of course, the above is a rough outline of some of the leading items of the Peace Treaty, and does not take note of the position and claims of our Japanese ally, or of the future of Germany's lost Chinese, African and other possessions. We have, however, said enough to indicate the stupendous obligations which the Kaiser is throwing upon the shoulders of his people; and for the moment there is only one thing further to be said.

### The People's Settlement.

We insist that, when the time comes, the people of Britain are taken fully into the confidence of the Government before any kind of peace is arranged. As we have so often observed, this is not a politicians' war; and we somewhat favour following the precedent of Waterloo and dispatching Lord Kitchener and Lord Fisher as our first Plenipotentiaries in the early days of the Peace Conference—just as the Duke of Wellington represented us a hundred years ago. Let these distinguished officers, with all the material at their command, meet the Kaiser's military and naval advisers and formulate Britain's minimum conditions. Then let them be reported to and fully considered by the Government—and before peace is finally signed let there be a General Election upon the sole issue of the terms of settlement. That is the only straightforward, honest policy towards the people of the Empire, who have rallied so nobly to the flag—and it is the Business way.

There should be no misunderstanding *this* time as to the exact mandate of the nation. The proposed terms of settlement should be fully set out and circulated broadcast amongst the electorate for weeks before the election. They would then form the subject of discussion on the various platforms throughout the country and in the Press, and every elector would know exactly what he was voting for. If he approved of them, he should support the Government on the honourable understanding that as soon as peace was finally secured there should be another election, and that in the meantime Parliament would direct its whole attention to the settlement of the war. We must not have a repetition of what happened in 1900, when we were told that the only issue before the country was the terms of peace with the Boers—and, having sent the Government back to settle that war, found that it remained in office for six years, during which period it availed itself of the fullest opportunity to carry through legislation of a Party and contentious character. The compact this time must be definite and binding—and on this basis we are quite sure that the nation will present a united front to the enemy in peace, as it has done in war.

# VENGEANCE!—NOT "LOVE."

## A REPLY TO DR. LYTTELTON AND A CRY FOR VENGEANCE.

By A Parson.

"Clear your minds of cant," said good old Dr. Johnson. Never was it more necessary than it is at present, that the British people should lay to heart the great sage's advice. Johnson was one of the kindest of men, but he was not a sentimental fool; we have it on record that when he met an insolent bully and ruffian, he knocked the swanker down. If a coster gets drunk and runs "amok" he is promptly frog-marched to the station; the lash rewards that black night-bird the garrotter, and the loathsome white slave dealer; even Master Tommy, if impudent and insubordinate, is spanked. If a mad dog rushes hither and thither, snapping at all in his path, Policeman X. draws his truncheon and does his level best to lay the animal low. But a mad nation, a nation symbolised as "The Mad Dog of Europe," the Emperor, statesmen, generals, and soldiers of which have sounded the lowest depths of infamy, scoffed at the very notion of honour, cast to the winds every shred of moral principle, and made itself a stench in the nostrils of the world; a nation lying, treacherous, deceitful, murderous, brazen, truculent, self-emancipated from every form of moral restraint, and one that dares to claim the Divine sanction for its leprous crimes and fiendish atrocities—this nation, forsooth, is to be handled with kid gloves, fraternally, and "not humiliated." What folly is this? We do not fraternise with tigers or anacondas; we slay them. What our incurable national humanitarian "softness" has yet to learn is that, Machiavellism apart, the dirty dogs and scum of the world *must be fought with their own weapons.*

### Dr. Lyttelton's Blunder.

Dr. Lyttelton, in his recent amazing address, doubtless meant well; but he has assuredly forgotten two things. First, that if the most convincing human testimony, if the most overwhelming evidence, old and recent, has any weight, it has been proved beyond the possibility of dispute that to place trust in the German nation would be an act of childish and insensate folly. Secondly, although we are forbidden to avenge our private wrongs—a decided counsel of perfection in some cases—nowhere are we commanded to check the outburst of a righteous vengeance when we see the innocent and helpless outraged, murdered, and subjected to unspeakable wrong. Germany is still jeering at, and trading on, our foolish forbearance, even while professing to hold up holy hands of horror at our "barbarity." It is time that something like a universal responsive resentment and ferocity was aroused in this nation. We were not always so soft. At the time of the Indian Mutiny, we read that General Nicholson went on his way "hanging, flogging, and blowing from the guns." It is sincerely to be hoped that our generals, when they get into Germany, will deal out the same wholesomely drastic treatment with no sparing hands. The time for cant and butter, and mealy-mouthedness is past. This war, this blood deluge, has been caused by the insensate ambition of Germany alone, fostered, instigated and led by the cancerous degenerate who, if he were made to endure the tortures suffered by Damien or Ravaillac, or the death "by inches of infinite agony" inflicted on Balthasar Gerard, would be all inadequately punished for his enormous crimes against Humanity. In addition to that of the Arch Dastard, we possess the names of seven of the military master criminals of Germany, men of whom it has been well said that "their names should be held up to universal and everlasting execration." Here they are:—Manteuffel, at Louvain; Buelow and Shoenmann, at Andenne; Bayer, at Dinant; Boehn and Sommerfelde, at Termonde; Stenger, who signed the general order to kill the wounded.

### A Reminder.

These beings, if captured alive, ought at the conclusion of the war, or as soon as possible (as they cannot now be broken on the wheel), unquestionably to be hanged without mercy, as murderers of the vilest conceivable type. Has Dr. Lyttelton, it may be wondered, read Dr. Tacquin's awful account, published in *The Field*, of the German devilries in Belgium? Can any Briton with a heart, and not a mere striated muscle, read this document without a tightening of the lips, an indrawing of the breath, a clenching of the teeth, and silent "holy curses" on the men who did these deeds?

### A Cry for Vengeance.

From ruined Belgium, from the defiled regions of lovely France, a great cry for vengeance rises ceaselessly to Heaven, and we, the new great host now ready to take the field, are marked out to be the avengers. Is this a time for outrageous sophistry about mercy, and not humiliating a proud nation? Of what has Germany to be proud save her pre-eminence in vileness and iniquity? True, we are told to forgive our enemies. But where are we told to forgive the ravishers of women, the brutal murderers of old men and helpless unarmed young men, the stabbers of children and the most helpless of all created things, little babies—who the mighty and exquisitely gentle Jesus took in His arms and blest, and against the wrongers of whom He uttered a terrible denunciation? Britons, think on these things. Colonials, British soldiers going to the Front, think of them! Brave fellows already in the trenches, you who welcome John Bull, think on them. Thanks, under God, to grand Jack Tar, Esq., they won't come here. They won't touch our women. If they tried to, such lava-like floods of fury, mixed with flame and steel and lead, would overwhelm them that the very sea would hiss and boil as we hurled them back into it. But as it is, think on these Germans, and let your blows

"Fall like amazing thunder on their heads."

Let there rise before you the gaunt, sad ruins of once beautiful Belgium; the vast crowd of the phantom dead; the poor breastless women; the young girls outraged and gaping with wounds; the little children with heads half shot away; the soldiers, their faces beaten to a pulp as they lay wounded. Then let the Arch Dastard of Potsdam hear the lion roar. Drive home the steel, eyes blazing with fury, veins running liquid fire! Fight like the Berserkers of old! And finally comes the crowning infamy of the devil Tirpitz and his pirate slaves—the torpedoing and sinking of the *Falaba*, and the murder of 103 passengers, among whom were seven women, amid the jeers of the fiends on the pirate submarine, who looked on and let them die. Words fail one here:

"Shall I not visit for these things, said the Lord?
Shall not my soul be avenged on such a people as this?"